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SIXPENCE.

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RUNNING ROUND AND ROUND WITH THEIR HANDS UP! A NEW AND CURIOUS METHOD OF SURRENDERING LATELY ADOPTED BY THE GERMANS.

Some of the Germans captured in the British offensive have lately taken to surrendering in a peculiar way. Instead of walking straight towards the British troops to whom they want to surrender, the Boches now are seen to run round and round until they reach their captors. This takes place only in the open. The exact reason for such a manoeuvre is not at present known, but it is suggested that their object is to show

that there are no armed men or machine-guns concealed behind them, as might be the case if they advanced in a mass. In this connection it may be recalled that an official despatch from the British Headquarters on the 17th stated: "We have captured some more prisoners, and the total of unwounded German prisoners taken by the British since July 1 is: 189 officers and 10,779 other ranks."

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

GERMANY has failed to conquer us; but we may concede to her that she nearly contrived to corrupt us. There have been English blunders and English sins in the most recent times; but it is very difficult for our enemies to condemn them without also condemning themselves. It is easy for the pro-German to write about the arrogance and boorishness of the Briton. It is very difficult for him to contrast these things with the humility and courtesy of the Prussian. He has a facile flow of catchwords about the piratical and rapacious Imperialism of England; he has a considerably harder task when he comes to compare it with the idealistic nationalism and almost mystical sensibility to the sanctity of frontiers which is so striking a feature in the acquisition of Poland or Alsace. The German cannot even show us to be in the wrong in such a way as to leave himself in the right; and the mere fact that even those who, for good or bad reasons, are bitter against British Imperialism are generally yet more bitter against German Imperialism, would of itself be a decision of the quarrel. But since such an entanglement of the *tu quoque* has unavoidably an inconclusive air, however conclusive the retort may really be, I have always found it a firmer controversial basis to discuss the claims of Germany as they affect other nations rather than my own—and especially the French nation, with which the quarrel is both older and more clear.

Perhaps the primary difference between France and Germany might be stated thus: that the Frenchman is proud of France; and in that sense the German is not proud of Germany. He is proud of being a German, which is quite a different thing. For the Frenchman his country is an abstraction—that is, something that can be taken from the idea of himself. Those who are sufficiently clean in their instincts to

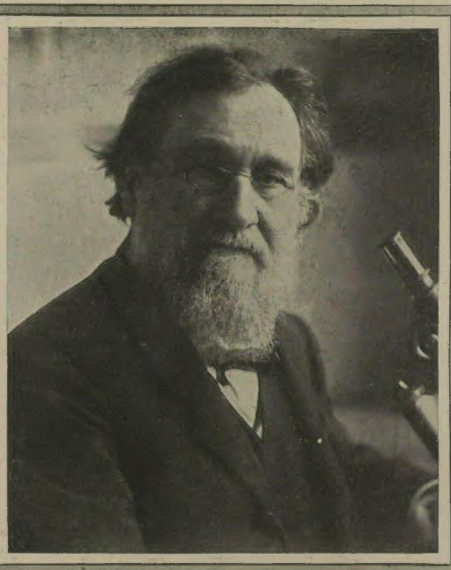
the English reader of the *romans policiers* of Paris is at first amused at the way in which all the activities of a fat policeman or a detective in a wig and spectacles are referred to as the activities of an ideal being called Justice. Justice runs after a cab; Justice climbs a tree; Justice gets in at a window, or walks up to a loaded pistol. It is one of the many matters in which anybody beginning to understand a foreign country will be wise, when he has come to scoff, if he will remain to pray. For to the French this impersonal Justice has always been as vivid as a personality. The adventures of this abstraction in a tale of Gaboriau are tame compared with its wild adventures in the story of France in Europe. Justice went on the Crusades; Justice sat at the right hand of St. Louis when he gave judgment under the garden tree; Justice charged the battle line beside Joan the Maid; Justice armed the crowd against the Kings, and made the miracle of a drilled mob that marched to Moscow and Madrid. No one can understand the French who does not realise that this invisible institution is the first fact in their minds; and even their atheists are theocratic. It was this that wore the mask of the Monarchy, and even the mask of the Terror. For of all men on earth, the Frenchman is the most of a revolutionist and the least of an anarchist.

The Germans are warmly and sincerely patriotic when they sing their great song of "Germany Over All." But they do not—at least, in the French sense—really mean "Germany Over All," for they do not mean Germany over Germans. The essence of Germanism is being German; and anyone who is German partakes of all the qualities he praises. But the Gaul, whatever may be his individual vices, rather aspires towards his country than merely possesses it. She is rather a goddess whom he worships, or a lady of whom he is not worthy. A priest may tyrannise; but in so far as he is a priest he is avowedly a servant, and even admittedly an unprofitable servant. A troubadour may swagger; but in so far as he is a troubadour he is admittedly singing to somebody who may throw cold water on him. Now, the German does not feel this sacred distance between himself and the abstraction of his nationality; he would put it in the form that he and his country are one. And the difference is rooted in the original history of the two communities. France is a race made out of a religion; but Germany is a religion made out of a race. That is to say, there never would have been any French nation at all if certain ideals in the Roman law, in the Christian religion, in the *civitas dei*, or in the city states of antiquity had not been ardently desired by a group of very energetic Europeans. But the Germans themselves will affirm, or even boast, that they were conscious in all ages of a general German kinship, a bond of the blood, though they were never connected by any doctrines or institutions. The German has since, in making a religion out of this kinship, also made a realm out of it; but it is a religion and a realm avowedly founded on race.

Now, it is the unique mark of a religion of race that it permits the worshipper to worship himself. Whether the Frenchman was following the crown of Rheims or the red cap of Paris, he was never merely congratulating himself on having a round head. The German, as he appears in the visions of his most voluminous professors, does deeply and solemnly congratulate himself on having a long head. The oil of St. Louis or the laurel of Napoleon has not been more sacred in French history than the mere possession of yellow hair has been in German philosophy. All that Teutonic philosophy truly praises, the individual Teuton can find in himself. But the individual Frenchman cannot find all

France in himself, for France means something more than a man—at least a woman.

These two creeds have come into collision specially and decisively in one point or place, and that place is Alsace-Lorraine. The only plausible Teuton claim to Alsace is that Alsatians are racially Teutonic. The invariable French answer is that, if they are tribesmen of Germany, they are citizens of France. They are children of the French idea, they look for justice to the French law; they are as much a part of the historic French soul as Picardy or Champagne. The German ethnologist may find much of his own blood there, as he might find some of it anywhere. But he will not find his own brains there; the brains have



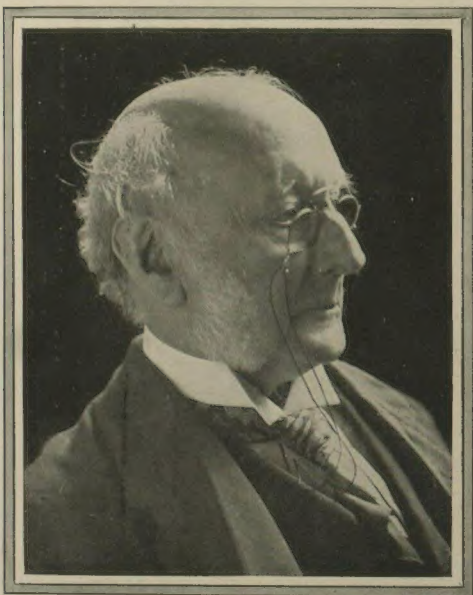
A GREAT PATHOLOGIST: THE LATE PROFESSOR METCHNIKOFF.

The world of science has lost a great man in Professor Elias Metchnikoff, who died at the Pasteur Institute on July 15, at the age of seventy-one. He was the son of a Russian whose Moldavian ancestor was "sword-bearer" to Prince Cantemir in the early part of the eighteenth century—hence his surname. His father was an officer of the Russian Imperial Guard, and his mother of Jewish origin. His researches as an embryologist made him world-famous; he devoted much research to the subject of longevity, and was identified with the sour-milk theory of prolonging life. Professor Metchnikoff was twice married, his first wife dying five years after her marriage. His second wife, Mlle. Olga Belocoytsoff, whom he married in 1875, has been a valuable aide in both his literary and research work.

undergone a French education, and have been filled with light. The Alsatians are Frenchmen because they are French patriots; and, whatever the Fatherland may mean, *la patrie* never meant merely a breed or a soil, but always a law—and a liberty.

This being the case, by the way, I am amused to see (quoted by the *Cambridge Magazine*) a remark from a Hungarian paper. It says that even those "who honestly wished for war, so as to augment the glory, greatness, and wealth of their countries, are confronted by the inexpressibly tragic but invaluable lesson that there is no glory, greatness, or wealth worth the sacrifices that have been made." The *Cambridge Magazine* adds that the context "argues the point with reference to Serbia's aspirations for a 'Greater Serbia,' France's for Alsace-Lorraine," etc. In other words, because Austria-Hungary has grown very sick of taking other people's property, France ought in sympathy to profess herself tired of the idea of taking back her own. I can believe that the Teutons who "honestly wished for war" to augment their wealth desire everything to be forgotten and forgiven. But what about the people who did not wish for war, and did not try to increase their wealth? I fear they will be cruel enough to wish at least for the recovery of stolen goods.

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AN R.A. OF 1870: THE LATE MR. JAMES SANT.

Mr. James Sant, C.V.O., R.A. (resigned), who died at his house in Lancaster Gate on July 12, at the age of ninety-six, showed a picture in the Academy Exhibition last year, which, although begun some years before, was only finished just in time for sending-in day. To find a parallel to this remarkable feat we must go back to Sidney Cooper, who exhibited a painting done at the age of ninety-five, or to Titian, who is said to have painted when ninety-nine. Mr. Sant succeeded Sir George Hayter as Painter-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria in 1871, and before that date had painted many portraits of great ladies, Countess Waldegrave giving him commissions to paint a number of her friends. Mr. Sant became an R.A. in 1870 and resigned in 1914. Among his popular works were "The Infant Samuel," and "The Soul's Awakening."—[Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.]

enjoy stories of crime and horror will agree that the detective story is one of the departments in which the French have shown a typical skill and science. But

AN "IMPREGNABLE" POSITION AFTER BRITISH SHELLING! MAMETZ.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



IN THE CENTRE OF MAMETZ: DESTROYED HOUSES BESIDE THE HIGH ROAD THROUGH THE VILLAGE.



IN ONE QUARTER OF THE VILLAGE: SHELL-SHATTERED DÉBRIS OF HOUSES OF MAMETZ.

Mametz was the first of the places to be attacked on July 1, the opening day of the British offensive. The village is—or, rather, was, for all that remains of it after the bombardment that preceded the British infantry storming of the position may be seen above—a large hamlet inhabited by between 300 and 400 people. It lies about a mile to the east of Fricourt, another village, which was the main objective of the first day's British attack. Fricourt, Mametz, and Montauban—a third and rather larger village—

were the three points, all lying within the same area of *terrain*, on which Sir Douglas Haig concentrated his first infantry thrust. In Mametz village the fighting went on furiously at close quarters from noon to nearly six in the evening, by which time the place was entirely in our hands. The position at Mametz was of exceptional strength, as the Commander-in-Chief's despatches note. "The enemy," says a "Times" correspondent, speaking of Mametz in particular, "believed their position to be impregnable."

THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE IN THE WEST: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING BATTLE IN PICARDY.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED ON BEHALF OF THE

PRESS BUREAU. CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



EAGER TO SEE THE RESULTS OF OUR ARTILLERY WORK: BRITISH SOLDIERS WATCHING THE BOMBARDMENT.



TWO METHODS OF CARRYING A STRETCHER: WOUNDED, WITH SHELLS.



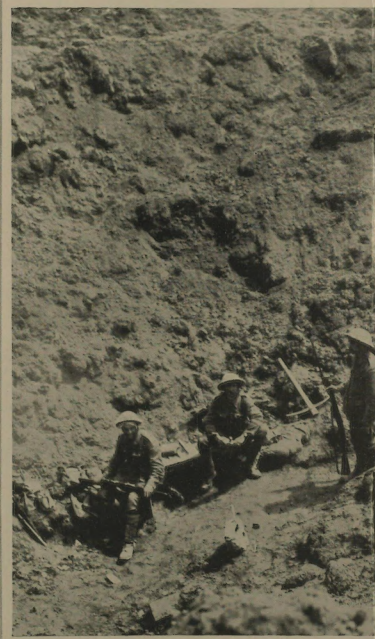
BRITISH AMBULANCE MEN BRINGING IN THE BURSTING IN THE BACKGROUND.



WITH THEIR BRITISH CAPTORS LENDING A HELPING HAND: GERMAN PRISONERS (SOME WOUNDED) COMING IN TO LA BOISSELLE.



ARMED WITH "THE MOST DEADLY WEAPON FOR CLOSE COMBAT," WHICH ENABLED OUR MEN TO BREAK THROUGH: BRITISH BOMBERS GOING UP TO THE FRONT LINE.



EVIDENCE OF THE IMMENSELY DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF THE FIELD-AMBULANCES: BRITISH SOLDIERS IN A CAPTURED MINE-CRATER.



EFFECTS OF A MINE EXPLOSION: CAPTURED MINE-CRATER.



WITH GERMAN PRISONERS CARRYING A STRETCHER: A PARTY OF BRITISH SOLDIERS RETURNING WITH THE WOUNDED.

With the aid of these official photographs it is possible to form an accurate idea of the scenes immediately behind the great battle in which our troops have been so gallantly pushing forward through the German lines. In the capture of the enemy's trenches the bombers, a party of whom are seen in one of our photographs, have played an important part. In describing the attack on July 14, for instance, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "Every man among them was a grenadier, provided with bombs and with supplies coming up behind. It was with the bomb, the most deadly weapon of this murderous war for close combat, that the men fought their way through." Of the work of the field-ambulances on the same day he says: "The first men to come back from the battle were the wounded. . . . Ambulances were waiting for them, and the stretcher-bearers were busy with the bed cases. The

stretcher-bearers had done their duty as gallantly as the fighting men, and some of their own comrades were among the wounded. But they had been reinforced by men who do not belong to the R.A.M.C. Some of the stretchers were being carried by men in grey uniforms with flat, round caps, who walked stolidly, looking about them at all those British soldiers and at those fields on the British side, with curious eyes as though everything were strange to them. They were German prisoners paying for the privilege of life and glad to pay. Later in the day there came down a long column of these men, not carrying stretchers but marching shoulder to shoulder, under armed escort. There were over 700 of them in this one convoy, as a living proof that the day had gone well for British arms."

"FRANCE'S DAY" IN PARIS: THE GREAT MARCH-PAST OF THE ALLIES OF THE WESTERN FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNIVERSAL EXCHANGE, L.N.A., C.N., TOPICAL, AND FRENCH OFFICIAL.



HIGHLANDERS.



BRITISH INFANTRY.



INDIAN CAVALRY DISMOUNTED.



BELGIANS.



FRENCH, BRITISH, AUSTRALIANS, CANADIANS.



INDIANS, RUSSIANS, AND BELGIANS.



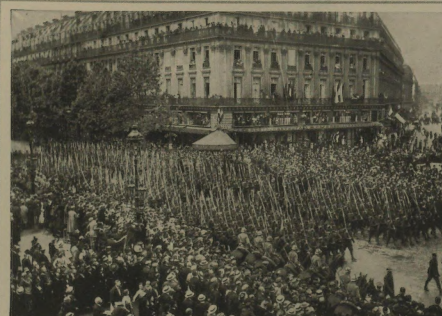
RUSSIANS IN COLUMNS.



FRENCH INFANTRY.



FRENCH COLONIALS.



RUSSIANS.



FRENCH COLONIALS—ANNAMITES.



Thousands of soldiers of France and the Allies took part in the French National Fête Day march through the streets of Paris on July 14, the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille in 1789. The Belgians headed the marching column. Their appearance, soldierly and business-like to a degree, was greeted with a prolonged burst of enthusiastic and sympathetic cheering. They looked, as an eye-witness notes, "fine, quiet, defiant, and remarkably well-drilled and equipped." Next after the Belgians came the British—Guards, Highlanders, Canadians, "Anzacs," Newfoundlanders, South Africans, and Indians, all in khaki, and headed by the pipes and band of the Scots Guards. "The tribute of the French to their British comrades in arms," notes the "Times" Paris correspondent, "was all that the most jealous Briton could desire, and it was noticeable that for the splendid Dominion troops a special welcome was reserved." The

Russians—belonging to the force now in France, then passed along, marching in a solid phalanx in ranks sixteen men abreast and chanting battle-songs. They were given a reception "worthy of Russia's magnificent victories." Last in the inspiring procession, and rightly occupying the place of honour on such an occasion, came the contingent of France's own soldiers—Regulars and Territorials, Zouaves, Alpine Chasseurs, Fusiliers Marins (of Dixmude fame), Algerians, Moroccans, and Annamites. With the French contingent were some of the famous "75's," the guns to whose marvellous firing the Allied cause owes so much. At the sight of the "Soixante-Quinze" the enthusiasm at every point all along the route became unbounded, to be matched only by the warmth of the tremendous reception accorded to the Fusiliers Marins—perhaps of all the marching troops in the French column the heroes *par excellence* of the day.

INCLUDING A "MINNIEWAFFER": SPOILS OF THE BRITISH ADVANCE.

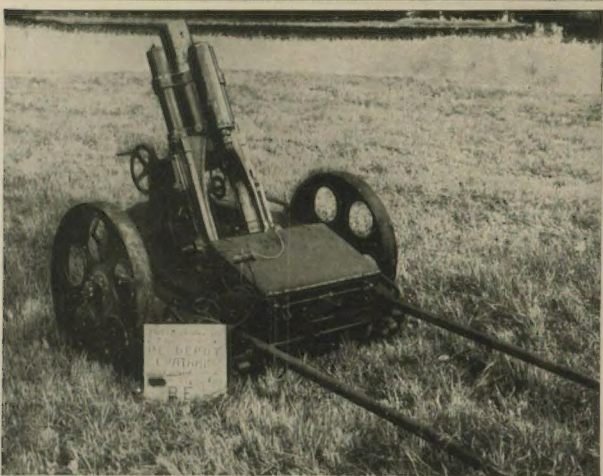
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



TAKEN BY THE BRITISH: A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN AND AUTOMATIC RIFLE.



CAPTURED DURING THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: A GERMAN TRENCH-GUN.



ONE OF MANY CAPTURED BY OUR TROOPS: A GERMAN TRENCH-MORTAR.



CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH DURING THE ADVANCE: A GERMAN TRENCH-MORTAR.



WITH A WOODEN BARREL BOUND WITH IRON WIRE: A CAPTURED MINENWERFER.



ONE OF 37 CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH UP TO JULY 17: A GERMAN 10-CM. FIELD-GUN.

We give here some typical examples of the large quantity of German war material captured by the British troops during the great advance. An official despatch from the British Headquarters in France on July 17 stated: "The German losses in artillery have been even greater than at first reported. The captured armament already collected by our troops now includes: 5 8-inch howitzers, 3 6-inch howitzers, 4 6-inch guns, 5 other heavy guns, 37 field-guns, 60 trench-howitzers, 66 machine-guns, and many thousands

of rounds of gun ammunition of all descriptions. The above is exclusive of many guns not yet brought in and of the numbers destroyed by our artillery bombardment and abandoned by the enemy." The 10-cm. *Minenwerfer* shown in one of our photographs is interesting as having a barrel constructed of wood bound round with galvanised-iron wire. It was used for throwing tin canisters filled with high explosives. The trophies of our great offensive continue to be added to as each day passes.

BRITISH INFANTRY ATTACKING: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU. CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



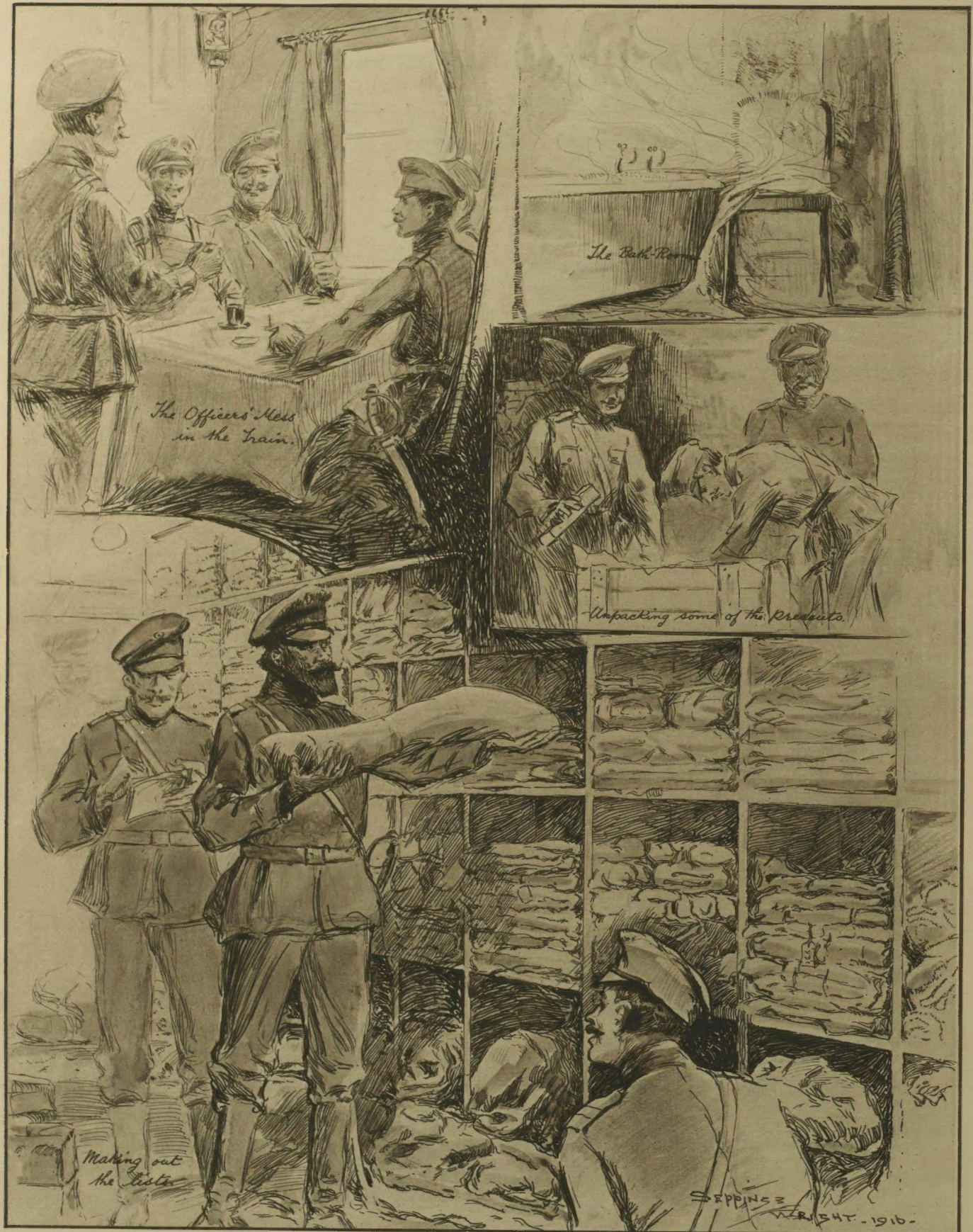
AT THE STORMING OF THE GERMAN TRENCHES NEAR MAMETZ: SHRAPNEL BURSTING OVER OUR ADVANCING INFANTRY.

Shrapnel has been termed the "man-killing" projectile. It is essentially that: to strike down troops in the open is its special rôle. Other shells—"common" shell, so called, which is simply a metal case filled with ordinary powder, or "high-explosive" shells, which contain some much more powerful kind of bursting substance—are aimed to burst close to, or in actual contact with, their targets. Shrapnel shells, on the other hand, are fired with time-fuses which are specially set to act while the shell is high up in the air and in full flight: during its downward curve, and also in advance of the

object to be hit. The bursting charge used is comparatively small, being intended only to "open" the shell and let out the bullets inside. These number, on the average, from 250 to 350, according to the size of the shell. The released bullets and fragments of the shell-case sweep forward with the momentum of the projectile at the instant of the burst, spreading out downwards and fan-wise, over an ever-widening area until the ground with the men in the open on it is reached—the shell's target. The exact space to be "peppered" can be calculated to a nicety by gunners.

IMPERIAL GIFTS BY SPECIAL TRAIN: PRESENTS FOR RUSSIANS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.



IN ONE OF THE EMPRESS'S GIFT-TRAINS: WITH THE DISTRIBUTORS OF THE PRESENTS FOR THE FIGHTING-MEN.

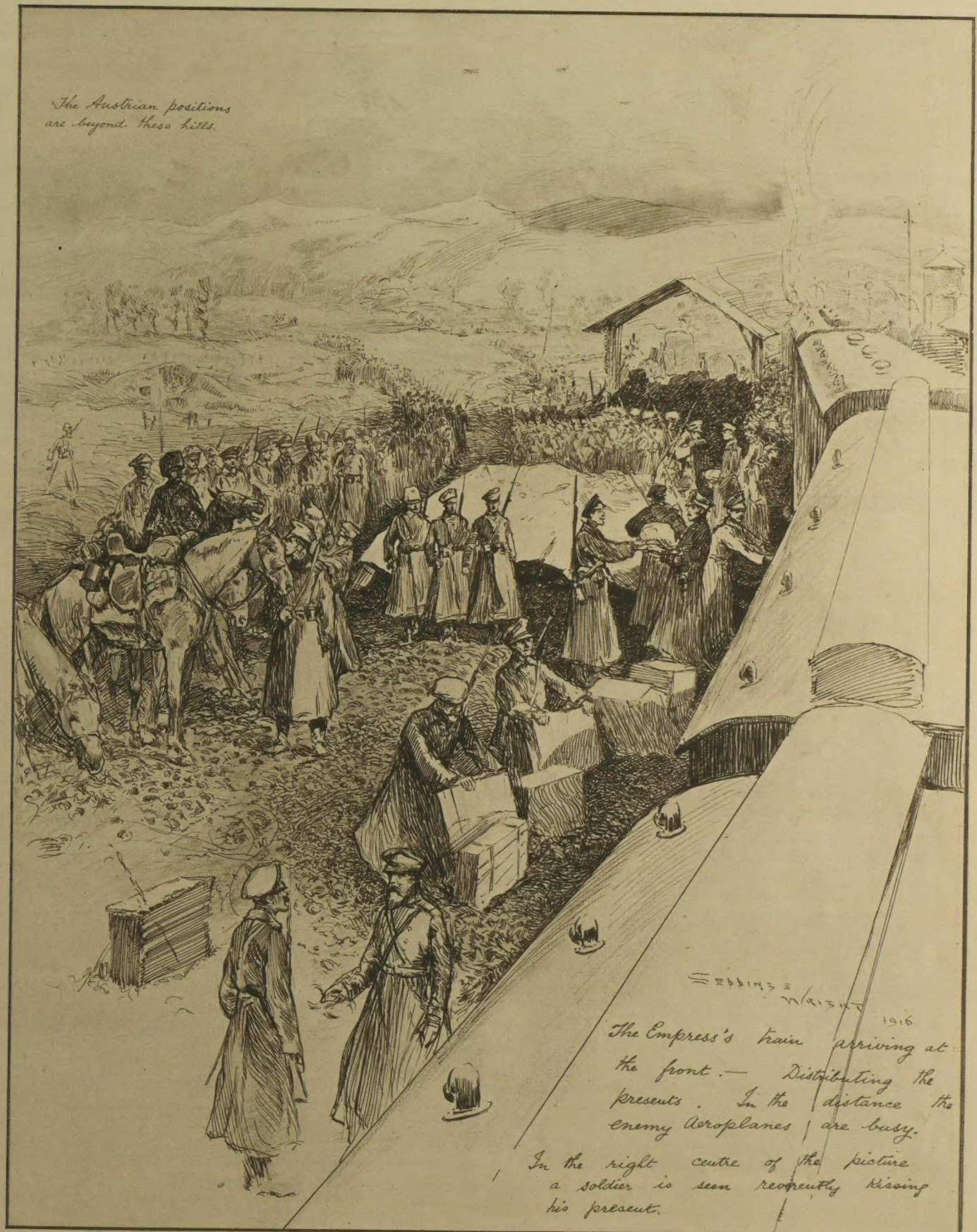
The Empress of Russia, whose beneficent activities on behalf of the wounded have intensified the deep devotion felt for her by the Russian Army, has organised a special railway service for distributing necessities and comforts to the Russians in the field on all the fronts. The funds are supplied by contributions from the Imperial family, supplemented by private subscriptions. Selected officers have been appointed to superintend

the work in its details, for, with distances so vast to be covered, elaborate arrangements are required. Huge storehouses and depôts have been established at centres along the railways, Petrograd, Moscow, and Kieff being the head-centres. From subsidiary collecting-depôts nearest the frontiers, the trains carry the Imperial gifts as near to the fighting lines as possible. The illustrations on the left-hand page show train incidents during a

(Continued opposite.)

IMPERIAL GIFTS BY SPECIAL TRAIN: PRESENTS FOR RUSSIANS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.



THE RUSSIAN ARMY'S FAIRY GODMOTHER: THE EMPRESS'S GIFTS DISTRIBUTED—ONE OF THE SOLDIERS KISSING HIS PRESENT.

(Continued.) journey from one of the depôts to points along the railway at which the train stopped to distribute the consignment of gifts designated for the troops in that district. It then moved on to the next halting-place, and so from stage to stage, to the terminus where the last batch of parcels was handed out. The right-hand illustration shows a supply-train arriving at one of its halting-places at the front. "The temporary station," writes

our artist-correspondent, "was thronged with soldiers, who kept arriving in continuous streams from the firing lines, to have their gifts handed to them, man by man, and then return immediately—gloves, comforters, tobacco, and small luxuries, jam, etc. I witnessed one or two heart-stirring scenes: soldiers reverently kissing the token of personal regard from their beloved Imperial Lady."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

EVER GROWING IN NUMBERS: GERMANS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE BRITISH AND THE FRENCH DURING THE OFFENSIVE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY: NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, CENTRAL PRESS, ETC.



TAKEN BY THE BRITISH: A BATCH OF GERMAN PRISONERS ARRIVING AT A TEMPORARY DETENTION CAMP.



SOME OF THE FIRST TAKEN BY THE BRITISH: BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE, PRISONERS FROM MANY REGIMENTS IN A WAITING REMOVAL.



AT A ROADSIDE BIVOUAC OF PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH: DEPARTURES AND NEW ARRIVALS COMING IN.



PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH DURING THE FIRST DAYS: THIRSTY GERMANS AT A CONCENTRATION RAILWAY DEPÔT BEING SUPPLIED BY A FRENCH CAMP WATER-CART.

The list of prisoners taken by the British and French during the Great Offensive on the Western Front grows daily. Upwards of five thousand Germans fell into the hands of the Allies during the opening day's attack, when the German first-line trenches were carried by assault immediately after the terrific preliminary bombardment. The enemy offered but weak resistance in many cases, the Germans left alive in the trenches appearing broken and unnerved after the fearful ordeal of the continuous preliminary cannonade to which they had been subjected. Many of these Germans also had had to remain without rations or water for days, the shell fire of the Allies' guns having prevented any food supplies from reaching them. Others, on the infantry attack beginning, took refuge in their deeper dug-outs and tried to make a stand there, but our bomb-throwers forced them to surrender.

Russians—some of them belonging to the Imperial Guard battalions—and Bavarians constituted the majority of the prisoners taken by the British in the earlier stages of the fighting and after the repulse of the enemy's counter-attacks. In one case, some six hundred survivors of a whole Prussian battalion are stated to have surrendered en bloc to our men. 141 more prisoners fell into the hands of the French in the course of the opening attack along their sector of the front. The French, as one of their semi-official communiqués goes Paris generously acknowledged, have had the advantage of operating across a stretch of terrain more open in its nature, and also less heavily fortified, than the elaborately entrenched sector where the British are making their advance.

THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE NORTH OF THE SOMME: TROOPS ADVANCING TO THE CAPTURE OF MONTAUBAN.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



THE TAKING OF MONTAUBAN: THE SECOND "WAVE" OF BRITISH

The village of Montauban, some five miles east of Albert, was one of the most important positions captured in an early stage of the British offensive, and was successfully held against a strong German counter-attack. The ruins of the village itself may be seen in the left background of the illustration. Not a roof was left on any of the houses: all had been shattered by our bombardment, and numerous fires were burning. Beyond the village are seen bursting shells from the British artillery, which was keeping up a "barrage" fire to prevent the enemy's infantry from advancing. Over the ridge behind (on the extreme left) were German batteries. At the time represented in the drawing the first "wave" of our infantry had entered the village, and the second was advancing towards it over a sunken road at the side of which (in the foreground) is shown the entrance to a German dug-out.

INFANTRY CROSSING A SUNKEN ROAD IN FRONT OF THE VILLAGE.

The men were carrying their packs, with waterproof sheets and rations for two days. In the background on the right will be noted a number of ambulance men carrying stretchers on their shoulders. The group of poplars towards the centre is Bernafay Wood, which has been the scene of heavy fighting. A little to the left of it are seen the ruins of Montauban church. Describing this part of the British offensive, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The attack on Montauban was one of our best successes yesterday. The men were mainly Lancashire troops, supported by men of the Home Counties, including those of Surrey, Kent, Essex, Bedford, and Norfolk. They advanced in splendid order, straight for their objective, swept over the German trenches, and captured large numbers of prisoners, without great loss to themselves."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE CROSS IN THE HEAVENS ABOVE THE TRENCHES.

A story recalling the vision of the "Angels of Mons" came from the British trenches in France not long ago, a story of a strange phenomenon seen in the midnight sky above the opposing lines. It was told in a letter written home to his mother by a Sergeant. "This morning," he wrote, "about 12.30 or 1 o'clock, we saw a most beautiful white cross in the sky. It sailed along until it reached the moon. I think everybody about here saw it, and for about ten or fifteen minutes there was not a shot fired.

There was absolute silence on both sides. We are wondering what this vision means." What must have been the thoughts of the men who saw it? Was it merely a natural phenomenon, a chance-effect of moonlight among the clouds; or was it a miraculous sign set in the heavens by the Divine power? In either case, it took the shape of the Christian symbol, and for a while held spellbound the minds of the combatants, and set them musing on the message of the Cross and its lessons of suffering and self-sacrifice.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

SEARCHING THE CELLARS: LOOKING FOR HIDDEN ENEMIES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.



DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE: GERMAN SOLDIERS, CUT OFF BY THE BRITISH CURTAIN OF ARTILLERY FIRE, COMING UP FROM THE CELLARS TO SURRENDER, AT MONTAUBAN.

All along the line of the British advance (to say nothing of that of the French) surrenders of the kind here shown are to be witnessed immediately after the great artillery bombardment comes to an end, or the guns "lift" to send shells further ahead. As our infantry charge among the ruins and wreckage of the battered German trenches, men of the enemy appear above-ground to give themselves up. In the case illustrated—at the taking

of Montauban—German soldiers who had been in concealment in the cellars during the shell-fire, emerged to surrender on hearing the British troops passing through the village. Owing to the artillery barrage fire (which effectively prevented the communication-trenches from the support-trenches being used by the enemy), all supplies were cut off and they had been unable to obtain any food for several days.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SEARCHING THE CELLARS: LOOKING FOR HIDDEN ENEMIES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.



DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE: EXPLORING CELLARS UNDER THE RUINS OF THE VILLAGE OF MONTAUBAN,
IN SEARCH OF GERMANS IN HIDING.

The cellars, which were used by the enemy as refuges, storehouses, and living quarters, were explored by armed parties of British carrying electric torches, to clear the place of any hiding enemies. Frequently the cellars were connected by underground galleries. They had not proved safe against our heavy shells, and deep dug-outs were found excavated below, to a depth of 70 feet. These were bombproof, and the enemy lived there.

On the floor is seen a sort of German "knobkerry." It consisted of a hollow wooden tube holding a steel spring to which a heavy, square iron nut was attached. The spring was 4 inches longer than the sheath and was meant to give elasticity to the weapon and enable it to inflict a deadlier blow. On the floor also lies one of the new German steel helmets.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



OPENING AT MANHATTAN. (P. 108.) STUDENTS (OUT OF SCHOOL) (P. 108.)

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR... SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE



LECTURE... STER OF A CATHEDRAL...

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ASIATIC CHOLERA AND VACCINATION.

THE latest news is that an epidemic of cholera has broken out at Constantinople, and that in consequence the Bulgarians have reduced the train service between Sofia and that city to a minimum. There is even talk of their establishing quarantine at the frontier for all travellers coming from Turkey; and although this may be only a sign that the lesser dupes of Hadji Gulielmo Mahommed are beginning to tire of the unholy alliance into which he has forced them, there is evidently some dread of an epidemic in the Balkans. The last bad outbreak of the disease seems to have begun in Constantinople in 1865, where as many as 2000 persons are said to have died of it in one day. This was in August, but was checked in the familiar Turkish fashion by a fire which occurred (accidentally or otherwise) a month later and destroyed 15,000 houses. It seems, however, to have had time before then to propagate itself, since later on in September it declared itself at Marseilles and other places in the South of France, and eventually in the East End of London. This was before sanitation was understood in the South of Europe, when flies were looked upon as harmless nuisances, and when anything like treatment of the disease was of the roughest. It is exceedingly improbable that, even if the epidemic became serious, it would be allowed to propagate itself in the West, or that modern science would prove incapable of tackling it if it did so.

In these circumstances, attention may be drawn to a lecture delivered a few weeks back in Malta by Major Stafford Cox, of the R.A.M.C., which was fully reported in our contemporary the *Lancet* on the 1st of the present month. Major Cox pointed out that while cholera remains, as he described it, a "water-borne" disease, the popular reliance on filters as a means of prevention was misplaced, some twenty per cent. of the filters which he had examined being useless. Boiling as well as filtering is therefore to be recommended, together with the provision of really good instruments and their frequent cleansing. Other provisions which he suggested were the rendering fly-proof of all latrines and cess-pits, especially in camps; and, of course, the immediate segregation of all persons who had been in contact with anyone attacked by the disease. As to treatment, he

evidently had little faith in it when the disease had once obtained a thorough hold of the patient; but he avowed his preference for the old-fashioned remedy of opium and belladonna when severe collapse has taken place. "Mild and incipient cases," as he put it, should, in his opinion, be treated with castor-oil and chlorodyne (both of them old-

potassium. As stimulants to the heart's action, he recommended digitalis and extract of the pituitary gland

These remedies have been mentioned as being likely to suggest themselves to the ordinary practitioner, and to show that the routine treatment is based on good authority. But prevention is better than cure, and Major Cox went on to point out that a protection or prophylactic against cholera exists which is as nearly perfect as anything can be expected to be in this world. This is inoculation with a serum originally discovered by Haffkine, of which great use has been made in India. According to Major Cox, this gives perfect immunity after ten days; and, although no inoculation seems likely to be of much good when the disease has been allowed to develop, it is evident that it ought to be immediately applied to all who have been in contact with a case of declared cholera of the Asiatic or moribund type. The great drawback to its use is the severity of the local reaction which follows the inoculation; but this does not exist in the case of Wright's serum, which Major Cox therefore recommends in preference. The figures which he gives certainly support this assertion, for he says that no less than 150,000 of the Serbian Army underwent treatment with Wright's serum without a single accident. If this statement is warranted—as, no doubt, it is—there can be no doubt in lay minds as to the efficacy of the treatment, or that vaccination should be immediately enforced, by legislation if necessary, should the disease make its appearance on our shores.



THE VISIT OF OVERSEAS M.P.'S TO BRITISH MUNITION-FACILITIES: SIR GEORGE FOSTER AND OTHERS TRYING ON STEEL HELMETS AND BULLET-PROOF SHIELDS

Sir George Foster, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, acted as spokesman for the Overseas Parliamentary delegates when they were received recently by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. The above photograph was taken at Sir Robert Hadfield's works. Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

fashioned drugs enough), or, for those who crave after new things, urotropine and permanganate of

single accident. If this statement is warranted—as, no doubt, it is—there



A TYPE OF PROJECTILE THAT DID GREAT EXECUTION: SOLDIERS CARRYING TRENCH-MORTAR AMMUNITION UP TO THE TRENCHES DURING THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau and distributed by Sport and General.

Even in cases where the disease has really taken hold of a patient, however, science is not without new weapons. The terrible fever and high temperature which is apt to follow the loss of body-heat and sudden exhaustion of all vital power characteristic of the complaint can best be combated, according to Major Cox, by an injection into the veins of a solution of salt, for which his paper gives full directions. This is a highly technical matter, and the means of applying the treatment is not likely to be at the disposal of any but the hospital practitioner. Yet it is mentioned here as one proof the more that even in the most desperate maladies Science has not said her last word.—F. L.

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: THE MODERN LORD OF BATTLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



A 16-INCH SHELL: HOISTING A 400-MM. UP TO ITS GUN ON THE FRENCH WESTERN FRONT.

One of the new French 400-mm. (or, approximately, 16-inch) shells fired by the giant ordnance now being employed by our Allies in the Great Offensive on the Western Front, is seen here, about to be placed in a gun. It more than matches the huge projectiles of the giant Skoda and Krupp howitzers, of which so much was heard in the earlier stages of the war. The making of these projectiles, as well as the guns that fire them, has been the task of the workers in the French artillery foundries and arsenals and the munition-factories, during many months past. In that sense it may

be said that the victories which are attending the course of the Great Offensive, both on the Western Front and on the Eastern Front, have been won by the night-and-day labour of the men and women war-workers of the munition-factories in all the Allied countries. Without shells such as we see here, it would be impossible to clear the way through the fortified defences of the enemy's trench-lines so as to allow the infantry to charge home and drive back the enemy and clinch the victory. The continuous efforts of the munition-works are as valuable as they are beyond praise.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FRY, WESTON, LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO., LANGFIER, LAFAYETTE, C.N., AND WAY.



BRIG.-GENERAL C. B. PROWSE, D.S.O.,
Somerset L.I. Son of late Capt. G. B. W.
Prowse, Chippenham. Fought in S. Africa;
King's and Queen's medals, with clasps.



LIEUT.-COL. DONALD WOOD,
Infantry Brigade. Son of Mr. A. H. Wood,
Duddleswell, Uckfield. Fought in S. Africa;
Queen's medal, with clasp.



MAJOR S. W. LOUDOUN-SHAND,
Yorks Regt. Son of Mr. John Loudoun-Shand,
Dulwich, and brother of Lieut. E. G. Loudoun-
Shand, the Rugby International.



MAJOR W. LESLIE GEARD,
R.F.A. Second son of Mr. and Mrs.
Geard, of Ardwick Road, Hampstead.
Killed in action.



LIEUT.-COL. A. CATOR
ANNESLEY, D.S.O.,
R. Fusiliers. Son of late Capt.
W. H. Annesley, R.N.



MAJOR ARTHUR DICKSON,
S. Lanca. Regt. Son of late
Mr. Arthur Dickson, Sheriff-
Substitute of Forfarshire.



LT.-COL. R. J. DOUGLAS,
Scottish Rifles. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Douglas, Bella-
heuston.



MAJOR F. ST. GEORGE
TUCKER,
Worcestershire Regt. Men-
tioned in despatches in June.



CAPT. OLAF R. CUTHBERT,
York and Lancaster Regt.
Younger son of Mrs. Cuth-
bert, of Palace Mansions.



MAJOR G. RYDING S.
GARDNER,
R.F.A. Son of Col. and Mrs.
A. Sidney Gardner, 'Neath.



JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL,
H.M.S. "Chester." The brave
boy, aged 16, mortally wounded
in the Battle of Jutland.



MAJOR J. L. KNOTT,
W. Yorks Regt. Son of Mr.
James Knott, Head of the
Prince Line, Newcastle.



2ND LIEUT.
LESLIE CROOM TELFER,
Bedfordshire Regt. Son of Mr.
H. J. Telfer, Elgin Court, W.



LIEUT.-COL. R. LOWNDES
ASPINAL, D.S.O.,
Cheshire Regt. Son of late
Robert A. Aspinall, J.P., D.L.



MAJOR G. B. BOSANQUET,
Gloucester Regt. Son of
Admiral Sir Day Bosanquet,
late Governor of S. Australia.



MAJOR P. R. HARDINGE,
The Cameronians. Son of the
Hon. R. Hardinge, Brock-
worth House, Gloucester.



LT.-COL. J. A. THICKNESSE,
Somerset Light Infantry. Son
of Bishop Thicknesse, South
Luffenham Hall, Stamford.



CAPT. CHARLES E. BAIRD,
Seaforth Highlanders. Son of
Esq.-Gen. E. W. D. Baird,
of Forse (now serving).



LIEUT.-COL. MONTAGUE B. STOW,
E. Yorks Regt. Son of late Montague H.
Stow, Campden Hill Court. Despatches. Was
A.D.C. to Governor of Bengal, 1913.



LIEUT.-COL. PERCY W. MACCHELL, D.S.O.,
Border Regt. Son of late Rev. Canon Macchell
and of the Hon. Emma, sister of the eighth
Lord Middleton.



MAJOR ROBERT G. RAPER,
R. Staffordshire Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
W. A. Raper, of Battle. Received Captaincy,
November 1914; promoted Major, May 1915.



LIEUT.-COL. HAROLD LEWIS,
Baluch Horse, Indian Army. Son
of Captain Lewis, The Red House,
Guildford.

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With the discovery of "Three Nuns," man—the worker—found a cheering, never-failing companion. The tedium of his labours was lessened in a pipe of that rare tobacco; he found a charm against monotony; and the pure fragrance ever diverted his thoughts, with promise of rest and refreshment when the day's toil was ended.

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I shall be a great Engineer

'SWAN'
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THIS shows the way in which an advertisement is planned. It opens on a very human note of boyish aspiration; it closes on the eminently practical one of "Swan" Fountain efficiency. To be a great engineer is to be a master of tools, and the "Swan" is the best tool of its kind. You will be interested to see this advertisement in the finished state. It will appear in next week's issue. Look for it.

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13, Cheapside, E.C.; 204 & 204, Regent St., W., London; 1, Exchange Street, Manchester, and at Paris, Zurich, Sydney, London Factory—110-120, Weston St., S.E. Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

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LITERATURE.

"The Great Push." It is the battle of Loos of which Mr. Patrick McGill writes in "The Great Push" (Herbert Jenkins)—or, rather, he describes that particular bit of it shared by the London Irish, with whom he served as a stretcher-bearer. Their jumping-off place for the advance was Les Brebis, opposite Bully-Grenay, and their objective the second German trench just in front of Loos village—the big crucifix in Loos Churchyard, to be exact—a mile away from their own first-line trench. Of battle dispositions, tactics, and strategy, numbers of men, and relative weight of guns, 3008 Rifleman P. McGill has nothing to say. These are not his business. He does not give us even a glimpse of what has been going on in sectors of the fight other than his own, except so much as can be guessed from a whooping rush across the advance of some killed Highlanders who had lost their objective and were charging parallel to their own trench. He concentrates his powers of vivid seeing upon his own particular company and his own particular mates, and the result is an extraordinarily living picture of details. It is not a pretty picture, and the details are mostly horrible. There are gruesome humours in it, but no romantics. The virtues of the light heart and cheerful temper appear in it always, and at the finish those of courage and chivalry. In fact, the courage is the more shining in the open field of death because of the qualms in the hours of waiting for the dawn and the clamber over the parapet out of the security of the trench. When a man is stopped by a bullet that is not deadly his first thought is that it will get him home to England. According to Bill Teake, "If you're lucky, you'll get killed quick; if you're damned lucky, you'll get it where it don't hurt and sent back to Blighty." Yet the man who blesses his luck because he has got it where it "don't hurt" risks not getting sent back to Blighty after all in helping a tortured comrade, which is an act of chivalry. Mr. McGill writes of the dirt, squalor, blood-lust, horror, unreasonableness, and futility of war, and makes no pretence of thinking it glorious, and, being sincere to himself, is, we are persuaded, true in his interpretation of the others at least whom he selects to depict. His book thus takes its place with his "Red Horizon" as a valuable

report about one incident of this amazing war, and a most interesting contribution to its psychology.

The Causes and Consequences of the War.

All the fine qualities of the French intellect at its best are exhibited in M. Yves Guyot's new book, which has just been published in an English form under the title "The Causes and Consequences of the War" (Hutchinson). The translation, by Mr. F. Appleby Holt, has been so done that it reads like an original work in English, and that—next to accuracy—is an English trans-

are lucidity, candour, and thoroughness, combined with such conciseness that he is enabled to cover an immense amount of ground in a comparatively small space. He approaches his subject from every point of view—political, historical, and economic. The recent history of all the countries concerned in the war, and their relations with each other, is admirably summarised, and no aspect of the European crisis has been left unnoticed. M. Guyot is not content with vague allusions and generalisations; he supports his contentions with facts and figures, and gives chapter and verse for his references. When he mentions

such matters as the Ems telegram, or historic phrases like "the Sick Man," "shining armour," and so on, he gives in each case the story of its origin. In its arrangement the book affords a model that might well be studied by other writers. Its orderly classification and division into parts and short chapters make it delightfully easy to read, in spite of its close-packed thought and multitudes of facts, which in less skilful hands might have become a tedious labour to peruse. The severities of history and discussion are lightened by the author's playful French irony, and also by interesting details about events and personages. M. Guyot is a strong advocate of international Free Trade, and his suggestions as to the coming settlement after the war deserve careful consideration. "My one object," he concludes, "has been to discover the means of arriving at a lasting peace. . . . The political dissolution of the German Empire is the essential outcome of this war, but it will only become effective if it is accompanied and followed by its moral dissolution. We must work for that moral dissolution by refusing to be carried away by hatred. . . . We must not be turned aside from our task of replacing the civilisation of brigandage by the civilisation of exchange."

With its new edition for 1916, the "Clergy List" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.) has reached its seventy-fourth year of publication. This very useful book continues to maintain its high standard of accuracy. The biographical details have, as usual, been submitted for verification to the clergymen included, numbering between 20,000 and 30,000. In the list of benefices, both the gross and net values are given. It is an interesting point that the tithes-charge shows a steady tendency to increase.



SOME OF RUSSIA'S SPLENDID SOLDIERS GOING TO MEET THE ENEMY: A RUSSIAN COLUMN ON THE MARCH TO THE FRONT.

lator's *summum bonum*. M. Guyot, it will be remembered, was formerly French Minister of State, and he writes from an intimate knowledge and long experience of Continental diplomatic affairs, in many of which he has taken a practical part. He is also a distinguished authority on economics, social questions, and international commerce—subjects on which he has written a number of well-known books. What he has to say about the origin of the war and its probable results, therefore, is not to be classed with the mere imaginings of irresponsible and ill-informed theorists: it is entitled to the close attention of statesmen and leaders of thought. The characteristics of his work

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ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood and indigestion.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most dependable digestive regulator.

It is *not* from what a man swallows, but from what he digests *that* the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is chewing the food *thoroughly*, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, *Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate.*" These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

'A LITTLE at the RIGHT TIME, is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong.'

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JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

IT CLEANS, POLISHES, AND FINISHES
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TRY it on your furniture or piano—the improvement will surprise you.

It forms a thin, protecting film over the varnish, adding years to its life. Every home needs Johnson's Prepared Wax. It is as essential 'round the house as soap, and is a great war-time economy. Use it to clean, polish, and preserve your



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NEW NOVELS.

"One of Our Grandmothers."

"One of Our Grandmothers" (Chapman and Hall) is an admirable piece of work. It will probably be caviare to the novel-devouring multitude, which will decide that Miss Ethel Colbourn Mayne is making too much fuss about a young girl's temperament—exactly the point of view, be it noticed, of the young girl's father when her attempted revolt bewildered him. Out of the stuff of such grand-

of the year. We have only one criticism to offer. Millie's young men are too articulate. Some of her—or the author's—"cleverness" is put into their mouths, when plainly it was not their own brains that inspired it.

"Anna of the Underworld."

The underworld, for the information of those who do not know, is a social abyss inhabited by glittering adventuresses, burglars, nihilists, and German spies. It possesses a ladder to the upper air; and Moya Havering, who once explored its depths, was enabled without difficulty again to breathe the air of respectability. It need not be said that such a veteran as Mr. George R. Sims knows well how to handle the material he has accumulated, and that a thrilling romance is concocted out of the adventures of the Annas—permanent and temporary—and their strange associates. Mr. Sims provides all the delicacies of

"The Triumph of Tim."

Tim's peregrinations cover ground in America and France already familiar to Mr. H. A. Vachell's readers: we did not need to be told that his encounter with the mate of the *Cassandra* would lead him to California, nor that, if he were to embrace art for art's sake, it would be on the coast of Brittany. "The Triumph of Tim" (Smith, Elder) is, in fact, a composition—in the painter's meaning of the word. It is only Harrow that is left out, and even that may be discovered by inference in the unflattering if truthful picture of a "Tug's" position at Eton thirty years ago. Tim was brought up by a saint, who unwittingly exposed his adolescence to temptation. A less saintly guardian would have known all about Ivy Lilicoe; but then the story of Tim would have been written differently. As it is, he escapes from the rigid morality of Little Pennington to sea, to the Golden State, and subsequently to artistic joys and fame as a novelist—a fairly good record for one young Englishman. It is all very good fiction, and Mr. Vachell makes full use of the varied material he has stored in his retentive memory. In some ways it is the most complete novel he has written, a book that is packed with observation and experience, and lively with dramatic incident. Now and then, perhaps, a dose of pervid sentiment has the effect



A FIRE IN A BRITISH CAMP NEAR SALONIKA: LOADING A TRAIN ON A LIGHT RAILWAY TO SAVE THE NEXT PILE OF STORES.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau. Crown Copyright reserved.

mothers the present generation has been made; but it has to be remembered too that the figure of Mr. North, the male with the fierce moustache and the timid spirit, still haunts the scenes of our twentieth-century activities. Millie North bloomed when Mr. Alfred Tennyson was somebody new and daring, a silver trumpet crying to the souls of the elect, and insistent in the ears of a young woman who fought against the insignificance that was allotted to her in the mid-Victorian world. She was musical, which was to be an enigma, if not an affront; and she was "clever"—still more enigmatical, and greatly offending. She was ignorant of her own womanhood, and learned the lessons of its awakening from that frank and vituperative vulgarian, the second Mrs. North. All this is put before the reader with a sensitive touch and a pitying clarity of vision that disclose Miss Colbourn Mayne as a force to be reckoned with in contemporary fiction, and establish "One of Our Grandmothers" among the noteworthy books

of the season—the abstraction of military plans, a murder in Soho, burglary in high places, and a night on the Embankment for the heroine. "Anna of the Underworld" (Chatto and Windus) is a fine, full-blooded, sensational novel, with not a word in it to give offence to the puritans. Women may find it rather juvenile; but we are sure that men of action, in hospital or at the base camps, or that lively breed the boy-men of the gun-rooms, will enjoy the wild adventures that seem to drop upon Moya Havering as inevitably as autumn leaves fall down to Mother Earth.



A FRENCH OIL-LIGHTER ON FIRE IN SALONIKA HARBOUR: AN OUTBREAK OF WHICH THE ORIGIN IS UNKNOWN.

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of setting one's teeth on edge; but for the most part "The Triumph of Tim" is, too, the triumph of an expert maker of modern romance.



Stewart's Whisky

"Sometimes a necessity—always a pleasure"

PREMATURE decision on any point of importance should be discouraged in the light of present-day events. Careful investigation into all matters is the creed of the moment.

Hence it is suggested that before deciding to continue with the purchase of your present brand of whisky you should thoroughly test the products of the House of J. & G. Stewart, Limited.

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Delta
170—12/9

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"I CAN see Delta are good shoes, nicely made and all that, but," asked a woman the other day, "what is there special about them? Why do you sell so many?"

"Because," answered the shopman, "there is more in them than meets the eye. They are made by Lotus, you know, and there's no getting away from the fact that they excel in fit.

Take, for example, this new lace shoe, No. 170. There is more in it,

more comfort, more trimness, than I myself saw when it first came from the factory, and I consider I've a good eye for a shoe. It's a marvel, as I soon found out in the fitting-room. It slips on so easily, and somehow with its cunning little shape makes the foot look so small, it is not surprising that most purchasers keep 170 on, and go off saying 'these shoes need no breaking in.' Try a pair, will you, madam?"

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**"It Worked
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writes a clergyman who
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 affection for fifty years.
 At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

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THE CREAM SUPREME.
 The maximum high standard by which to judge
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NOTE: Tokalon is a pure, non-greasy toilet cream, which cleanses the skin, removes all impurities, and leaves the skin soft and smooth. It is the only cream of its kind that does not clog the pores of the skin, and is therefore the only cream that can be used by all people, without exception.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LOOK WHO'S HERE." AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

THE bulk of the thing, the crowd of entertainers, the massing of effects and turns in extraordinary variety—these are the impressions left by the new revue, "Look Who's Here," which is surely going to bring prosperity and a vogue to the London Opera House. There is to be one over-topping and magnetic personality—that of Miss Ethel Levey—to keep some unity in the panorama of change; and, fortunately, there is just enough story, with her playing the part of temptress to Mr. Billy Mereson's suddenly enriched coster, to render this dominance appropriate as well as attractive. Her breezy humour, the robustness of her singing—whether in her time or in a song about the narrow channel of the river, or in her dramatic turn, her impersonations, among of which, alas! there is but too little on the present occasion, make her the life and soul of the piece, though it would be unfair to stint appreciation of Mr. Mereson's in the meantime, or, again, of Mr. Florence Smith's delightful and artistic vocalisation. But to try to enumerate the other features—wonderful trick cycling, for instance, acrobatic dancing, guitar-playing, and blocks of comic relief are among them—would be to attempt the well-nigh impossible. The most laughable scene of all is that of Barnet Fair; but the prettiest is certainly the river scene, in which a neat surprise is provided after Miss Dorothy Grey's doll-song by marionettes, who are shown dancing on the lawn, followed by a night picture in which the river is crowded with canoes. Probably the management will find it has been a little too lavish with its riches, and must make some sacrifices to keep its show within time-limits.

"WE'RE ALL IN IT." AT THE EMPIRE.

Fun and beauty provide the combination—surely the right combination—at the Empire's latest entertainment, "We're All In It"; and the fun gets funnier and the spectacle more beautiful as the revue proceeds, which is no less surely the right sort of progression. Mr. George Graves is the prime fun-maker; you see him in pyjamas and night-cap, you observe him beset by an army of other George Graves

most unlikely places, and we see a model farm of the strangest model. But Mr. Graves is not alone, though a host in himself; his comrade of pantomime, Mr. Will Evans, once more supports, supplying at one point an amusing skit on Miss Gertie Millar. And Mr. Lupino Lane is in the cast, and with Miss Dorothy Sabine takes off neatly the Apache dance. And Miss Blanche Tomlin has taking songs, and Miss Dorothy Ward taking ways, and the music is lively enough to maintain even the Empire's record.



THE GREAT OFFENSIVE—FRENCH SPOILS FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE SOMME: CAPTURED GERMAN SIEGE-GUNS IN A FRENCH RESERVE'S CAMP.

Both the French and Sir Douglas Haig's men have captured several German heavy guns, some of siege artillery calibre; as well as large howitzers. This is in addition to many more German field-artillery 77's. Further captures continue to be recorded. The three big guns here are 15-cm. siege pieces, which the Germans probably were unable to move back in time. They are seen in one of the French reserve-line camps.

French War Office Photograph.

of all sorts and sizes, you watch him at Longchamps and in Egypt. And beauty reaches its climax in the gorgeous "Ladder of Roses," a chain of lovely girls and lovely frocks, which moved and will move its audience to rapture, though there is also charm in the quaint little rural picture in which Heath Robinson's pigs and cows are found in the

from London Bridge 12 noon (E—to Eastbourne only); to Littlehampton and Bognor, from Victoria 8.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.35 p.m.; from London Bridge 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m.; to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight, from Victoria 8.55 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.35 p.m.; from London Bridge 11.35 a.m.

Several interesting volumes have been added to Messrs. Nelson's "Collection Nelson" and Edition Lutetia of French classics. One is Renan's "Vie de Jésus"; another, Fénelon's "L'Educational des Filles" and "Dialogues des Morts." Two others contain dramatic works by Alfred de Vigny and his "Journal d'un Poète." Three more volumes are Jean Aicard's "Notre Dame d'Amour," Edmond Rod's "L'Ombre s'étend sur la Montagne," and Léon de Tinsau's "Un Nid dans les Rumes," with "La Lampe de Psyché."

The Brighton Railway announce that additional trains are now being run to the South Coast resorts, while others are altered in working. Particulars can be obtained from the stations, but the more important of the extra trains are: To Brighton, Hove, and Worthing, from Victoria 11.40 a.m., 7.15 p.m., 9.55 p.m.; from London Bridge 2.3 p.m. (not Saturdays) and 7.20 p.m.; to Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, from Victoria 9.55 a.m., 1.10 p.m. (Saturdays), 8.35 p.m.; from London Bridge 12 noon (E—to Eastbourne only); to Littlehampton and Bognor, from Victoria 8.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.35 p.m.; from London Bridge 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m.; to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight, from Victoria 8.55 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.35 p.m.; from London Bridge 11.35 a.m.

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will not hurt your skin or complexion if you use freely several times a day.

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which cools and refreshes the FACE, HANDS, and ARMS, PREVENTS FRECKLES, TAN, SUNBURN, REDNESS and ROUGHNESS, &c., and makes the skin as SOFT as VELVET. Bottles 2/3 and 4/6. Of Stores Chemists, and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London

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If you are troubled with acidity and food fermentation
you do not get proper nourishment from your food.

The acid condition must be corrected if good
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Neutralise the acid-forming elements in your daily food, prevent food
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by using the one efficient but harmless antacid,

Bisurated Magnesia

Acid stomachs are dangerous to the
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Scientific tests show that in
96 times out of 100, where
people are dosing and drug-
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stomach itself is perfectly
healthy and normal, the pain
and discomfort arising solely
from the acidity and food fer-
mentation. This condition
is unnatural and therefore
dangerous. You must correct
the acid-forming tendency in
the food you eat, or it will
turn the food acid in the
stomach and cause it to fer-
ment before it is digested;
thus robbing your body of
proper nourishment. Good
health could not possibly be maintained for
any length of time under such conditions.

Until recently, physicians have always
recommended a diet, but to be effective this
must be so limited that the average person

finds it impracticable. The pleasantest,
most efficient, and most natural way to
correct the acid-forming elements in the
food, neutralise the acidity, and prevent food
fermentation, is to take Bisurated Magnesia,
the great food corrective.

All that you need to do is to take half
a teaspoonful in a quarter-glass of warm
or cold water—or two or three Bisurated
Magnesia tablets—after each meal and
at bedtime. It will cor-
rect all fermentation and
quickly neutralise the
acid-forming tendency
of the most indigestible
foods. You will be able to
enjoy the heartiest meal
without fear of the slight-
est inconvenience. The
Bisurated Magnesia will
keep the food sweet and
wholesome until it has
properly digested and
assimilated, and ensure your deriving full
nourishment from everything you eat.

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The remarkable merits and great popularity of Bisurated Magnesia have led to the offering of many
substitutes, similar in name but absolutely lacking in its peculiarly valuable properties. Do not
experiment at the expense of your stomach. Protect your stomach and your health by demanding
Bisurated Magnesia. Be sure that the name on the label is spelled

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to keep my skin cool and clear and prevent
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appearing cream, and so refreshing. I know
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is, even in the hottest
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It is not vanity to desire to
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Ven-Yusa is most natural
and refined, as distinguished
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creams which have had to
suffice hitherto. It embraces
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by giving it the equivalent of

an oxygen bath. This invigorates and revitalises the tissues.

Ven-Yusa is an absolutely *greaseless* and most fragrant
preparation. Miss Gladys Cooper describes it as exquisite.

Be sure you do your duty to your complexion by having
a dainty jar of Ven-Yusa always on your dressing-table
and using it regularly every day.

VEN-YUSA
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A Dainty Sample Jar, suitable for the hand-bag, will be posted to any
reader who sends name and address and 3 penny
stamps to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds. Mention *The Illustrated London News*, 22/7/16, when writing.
Full-size jars 1/- each of Chemists, Hairdressers, etc.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Our Club.

It seems to me that somehow or other the Royal Automobile Club has escaped notice in the shower of bouquets flung around various bodies for their work in the war, to say nothing of what it has done for motorists and motoring generally. I have no hesitation in singing its praises, for I have been a spectator of its work since 1897, when it came into existence. It is in trying times like these that support should be given to worthy institutions, and among such "our club" ranks

list of its members, and such gaps must be filled. Every department of the club has been worked at high pressure during the past two years, and this with depleted staff, in order that the needs of all those who came to the club for assistance—from the War Office to the youngest member—might be met, and their wants have indeed been various.

Car Design.

Although no man can say exactly when the war will finish, the end is beginning to loom into the near perspective. Therefore it may not be out of place to suggest that we shall soon have to face

problems of construction of goods for after the war. As regards cars, multiplicity of design has both its advantages and evils. Its advantages are individuality and, perhaps, encouragement for novel features. Its evils are costly manufacturing and want of standardisation, so that it restricts the supplies of spare parts while adding to the already over-large number of such parts to be stocked by the trade. Now this war has shown us that we must co-operate with each other in order to succeed. Applying this principle to motor design, I do think that

the trade might co-operate and produce a series of motors beginning at the Rolls - Royce and ending with the G.W.K., at prices that should suit all

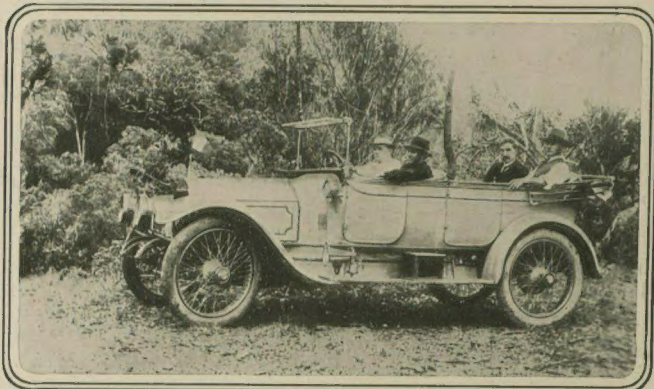
pockets, and vehicles that would meet all requirements. To make the matter plainer, the public will pay from £1500 down to £150. They want powers from 40-50-h.p. down to 10-h.p.; but that does not mean a very great number of models, as between those powers there are only required 25-h.p., 15-20-h.p., and 12-h.p.—five sizes of cars in all. We all know the cars that have successfully withstood the extra strains of war use—I could name them, but must not at the present time—and the experience so gained tells us that all other models are pure superfluities. They may be excellent cars in their way; but if all factories standardised some of the above-mentioned designs, so that frames, engines, gear-boxes,

axles, wings, and other details were for each power all alike, replacements would be easier, prices would be cheaper, and factories could place their orders with the firms who specialise in parts that none of them make themselves in such quantities that would benefit both makers and the public alike in cost of production and selling price. At the present time there is no British-made magneto. It is a horrible confession, but unfortunately true as regards motor-cars. Here is a detail that must be made in this country. I tremble to think what our foolishness in this respect has cost this nation during the past two years. We must never let such a position of affairs happen again. W. W.



A BRAVE OFFICER REPORTED "MISSING": LIEUT. CYRIL ALDIN SMITH, R.N.V.R., D.S.O.

Lieut. Cyril Aldin Smith went out with a patrol on the evening of June 9, near Ypres. Four men returned, but it is feared that, after a grenade fight with the enemy, Lieut. Smith, with his corporal, was taken prisoner. His many friends are awaiting news of him with anxiety.



ON A LONG-DISTANCE TRIP: A COLONIAL NAPIER IN QUEENSLAND.

Lieut. Forrest, R.F.A., the well-known Australian motorist, is here seen in a 20-h.p. Colonial Napier, at a boundary spot between Queensland and the Northern Territories, where Lieut. Forrest controls large cattle stations. There is no road in the district, but a fairly good track made by the passage of many thousand cattle, and the car has made the long-distance trip without mishap or delay.

first. Probably no institution has so many ramifications, and no body of men have been able to perform such a variety of useful and needful acts, although the club cannot make public its part in such schemes. Only the awful eye of the Censor makes me refrain from stating a few of these done when the whole nation found itself involved in the struggle for the freedom of the world. From the declaration of war it has thrown its doors open wide, and made every officer of the Army and Navy welcome, as well as those from overseas, as honorary members. The subscription has been reduced and the entrance-fee abolished, so that at the present time a town member's subscription for the remainder of the year is only £3 13s. 6d., and a country member's only £2 2s. What it gives for such a low rate is astounding value, and therefore all who can should join it in order to support the R.A.C. in its good work, as the war has made a very large casualty



OVER A BUMPY BRIDGE: A VAUXHALL CAR AT HIGH SPEED.

Mr. Boyd Edkins recently beat the Melbourne-Sydney record in a Vauxhall car, his time being more than two hours faster than the previous record. It is seen here passing over a bumpy bridge at high speed, the back wheel, it will be noticed, being off the ground.

"The Car Efficient"

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are famous for their free and easy running qualities and for durability. They can be obtained on Easy Payment terms if desired, full particulars of which will be found in the B.S.A. Catalogue.

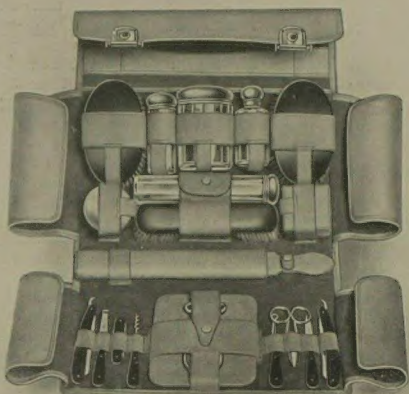


The B.S.A. Catalogue contains full page illustrations of all B.S.A. Models, some being shown in colour, as well as complete specifications. Copy of this List will be sent post free on request.

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Gentleman's Finest Pigskin Roll-up Dressing Case, with Sterling Silver and Ebony Toilet Requisites, £6 15 0

Size when closed, 13½ x 9½ x 3 ins.

If with Fine African Ivory Brushes or Sterling Silver ditto, £8 15 0

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Napier Business Vehicles have been engaged on this class of work for a considerable time, and they are spoken of very highly for their efficiency and reliability by the great carrying companies, and their sphere of service is steadily growing."

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Efficiency—past, present, and future.

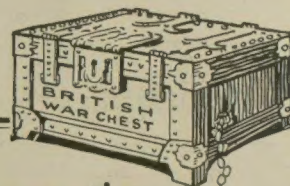


To-day the Austin works are given to National needs, and the Company's products are utilised by H.M. Government in the field of war. Later, present experience will be reflected in the new Austin cars. They will attain to a higher standard of efficiency, and for that reason alone they will be worth waiting for.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., Ltd.,

LONGBRIDGE WORKS, NORTHFIELD, BIRMINGHAM; 479-483, OXFORD STREET (NEAR MARBLE ARCH), W.; ALSO AT MANCHESTER, NORWICH, AND PARIS.

There's a big leak in
the Nation's War Chest.



Yes—just at the very time when every penny we can spare is needed to fight the Hun, there's a big leak in the Nation's War Chest—and motorists are responsible for it.

Millions of pounds sterling are sent out of the Empire every year to pay for imported American tyres—and this when there is an ample supply of better and British-made Tyres like

CLINCHER

THE FIRST DETACHABLE PNEUMATIC TYRE

MOTOR TYRES

to meet the demand. Be Patriotic!
Be Wise! Get better value—and at the same time help your country by insisting on Clincher Tyres.

For Commercial Vehicles, fit North British
Clincher Solid Rubber Band Tyres.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., Ltd.,

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FACTORIES—CASTLE MILLS, EDINBURGH.



There are many good reasons why
car owners are buying

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If you would know what they are, write for our Brochure
"WHAT'S WHAT IN TYRES," post free from the

FIRESTONE TYRE & RUBBER Co., Ltd., 216, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

A fine Rubberized Bag to hold a spare tube will be sent free on receipt of threepence for the postage, and the address of your dealer.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F J M MCCARTHY (Birma).—There has been no such collection published, although often under consideration. Your solution is correct.

J T ANDREWS (Byfield).—We are pleased to hear again from an old contributor like yourself, and trust to find on examination your hand has not lost its cunning in the interval.

M H CAMPION (Peterborough).—We are sorry there was a mistake, and the problem as published does not admit of a solution.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—Your problem is now sound, and we shall have pleasure in publishing it.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3729 received from F J McCarthy (Maynoo, Burma); of No. 3731 from C A M (Penang); of No. 3732 from Ethel W Corbett (Portland, U.S.A.); of No. 3733 from J H V (Saskatoon), O F Blankinship (Richmond, U.S.A.), H J B Leadlay (Guelph, Canada), Edith Vicars (Wood Dalling), and Ethel W Corbett; of No. 3734 from R C Durell (Wanstead), Rev. E. J. George (Wendy), Fidelitas, and H J B Leadlay; of No. 3735 from E W Allan (Highgate), L Chomé La Roque, R C Durell, H Grasset Baldwin, and Jacob Verrall (Rodmell).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3736 received from T T Gurney (Cambridge), J S Forbes (Brighton), A H Arthur (Bath), H Grasset Baldwin, Rev. J Christie (Redditch), J Dixon (Colchester), J Fowler, J R Jameson (Ferryhill), M E Ouslow (Bournemouth), E W Allan, A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), W C D Smith (Northampton), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at the Rice Progressive Chess Club, New York, between Messrs. CHAJES and KOSTIC.
(Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th
6. P to Q Kt 3rd	

The authoritative is, of course, B to Kt 5th (ch); but this game was specially arranged to test the text move, which was the invention of the White player.

6. P to K R 3rd
7. Kt to K B 3rd Kt takes B
8. P takes Kt P to K 5th

A very strong reply which of itself apparently invalidates White's novelty, and its part in the final combination will be seen later on.

9. Kt to K 5th B to Q 3rd
10. P to Q 4th Castles
11. Castles R to K sq
12. B to Kt 2nd P to Q Kt 4th

Another clever Pawn move, which completes the discomfiture of White's strategy.

13. P takes P Kt takes P

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
14. P to B 4th	Kt to B 5th
15. Q to B 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
16. Kt to Kt 4th	P to K 6th

A beautifully quiet and simple stroke to which there is no defence.

17. P takes P

If Kt takes P, B takes P, 18. Kt takes B, Q to Kt 4th, 19. P to B 3rd, R to K 7th, and wins.

17. Q to Kt 4th
18. P to K R 3rd Kt takes Kt P
19. Q to B 2nd Kt takes P
20. B to B sq R to K 5th
21. Q takes P (ch) K to R sq

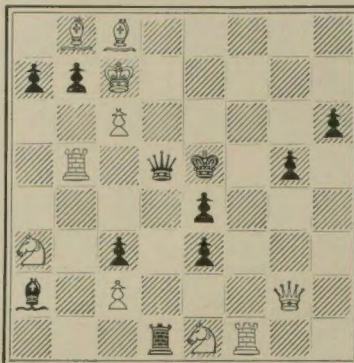
It is curious that Black can not only stand such a check without risk, but can also force a fine victory in a few moves. This young Serbian master promises to make his mark in chess in the near future.

22. B takes Kt R takes Kt (ch)
23. P takes R Q takes P (ch)
24. K to B 2nd B to Kt 6th (ch)
25. K to Kt sq B to K 8th (ch)
26. K to R 2nd Q to Kt 7 (mate)

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3734.—By M. L. PENCE.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to B 5th	B takes Q
2. Kt takes P (ch)	Kt takes Kt
3. R mates.	

If Black play 1. Q takes Q, 2. P to K 8th (a Q); if 1. Q takes P (ch), 2. R takes Q (ch); if 1. Kt to B 6th, 2. R to K sq (ch); if 1. Kt to Kt 7th, 2. R to K sq (ch), etc. The above is the author's solution, but he has overlooked, as several correspondents point out, that if Black play 1. Kt to B 6th, there is no mate in two more moves.

PROBLEM No. 3737.—By R. C. DURELL.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

The offer of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of London to replace the Mace destroyed during the great fire at the Canadian Houses of Parliament having been accepted by the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, on behalf of the Canadian Parliament, the making of the new Mace has been entrusted to the well-known Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W., whose excellent taste in the designing of presentation plate, official insignia, etc., is recognised all the world over.

The demand for women workers in New Zealand has increased as each successive contingent of men has left for the front, and is likely to become more apparent still now that compulsion is in force. Fortunately, the Women's Branch of the National Reserve got ready for any emergency some time ago, and in Wellington, the capital city, alone several thousand women enrolled in response to a registration card setting out the details of the scheme. The card enumerated the different branches of employment, and each person enrolling was requested to state what branch she desired to work in, and the amount of time she could devote to it.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

IT would be difficult to imagine two things in greater or more fascinating contrast than the picture of Parnell popularly entertained and the fraternal picture presented in "Charles Stewart Parnell: A Memoir" (Constable). This does not mean that Mr. John Parnell's portrait of his brother must be rejected as a bad likeness, or else that the traditional Parnell must be treated as a myth. On the contrary, the latter gains in substance and credibility from the modifications which the former imposes on it. But it does mean that Mr. John Parnell, in writing of "Charley," has taken no thought for the model set up by popular opinion or political preconception; and in consequence, on his limited scale, has achieved something like Boswellian virtue as a biographer. It is an ingratiating effect that is produced by the affection which gilds the head of the god and the frankness which insists on demonstrating the feet to be of clay. A cold, implacable reserve such as that attributed to Parnell might easily cover a passionate nature, and so in the general estimate it undoubtedly did in his case. But here is new light upon that: "I remember meeting Charley, when he was at the height of his glory, one day in Kildare Street. I had only just returned from one of my trips to America, and . . . was expecting to meet him at Harcourt Street Station in the evening, and to go down with him to Avondale. We were going in opposite directions, and passed on the same pavement, almost touching one another. Charley, however, showed not the slightest sign of recognition until we were almost side by side; then he just winked the eye nearest to me." And this, his brother comments, was not a sign of boisterous jollity or facetious slyness, but just the conscious practice in the open of an aloofness useful as armour against the English and as a lure to the Irish. It was the wink of the Sphinx. Accepting that explanation, the wise reader will still not believe that the "uncrowned King" was all head and no heart. From other revelations, he will perceive that unbendingness was not really one of Parnell's sovereign qualities, for again and again he compromised; and this, indeed, was his undoing. The impression we get from this transparent biography is rather of a wilful man whose conduct at critical moments and at ordinary was frequently ruled by temper rather than by pride, and whose diverse inherited prejudices—a hatred of England from American ancestors, for example—had never been disciplined by regular training, and grew rank in a soil of extreme self-consciousness and self-centredness. Such a character, thrust almost accidentally by circumstances as a chief personage upon a stage of vivid, passionate national happenings, is certain to create drama, and the sense of the dramatic element in human nature is precisely what this often naive and always intimate biography very fascinatingly produces.

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Whenever the liver becomes clogged, the whole machinery comes to a standstill. The blood becomes saturated with impurities; oxidation is slackened; the production and distribution of fats and sugars are disorganised; urea is transformed into acids which permeate the whole system; the re-absorption of toxins is allowed to proceed unchecked, thus preparing the way for general auto-intoxication.

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